

INDIANA STATE SENTINEL:
—THE OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE STATE—
Office on Illinois Street, North of Washington

By CHAPMANS & SPANN.

The State Sentinel will contain a much larger amount of reading matter, on all subjects of general interest, than any other newspaper in Indiana.

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Is published every Wednesday and Saturday, and during the session of the Legislature, three times a week, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at Four Dollars a year, payable always in advance.

THE WEEKLY EDITION
Is published every Thursday, at Two Dollars a year, always to be paid in advance.

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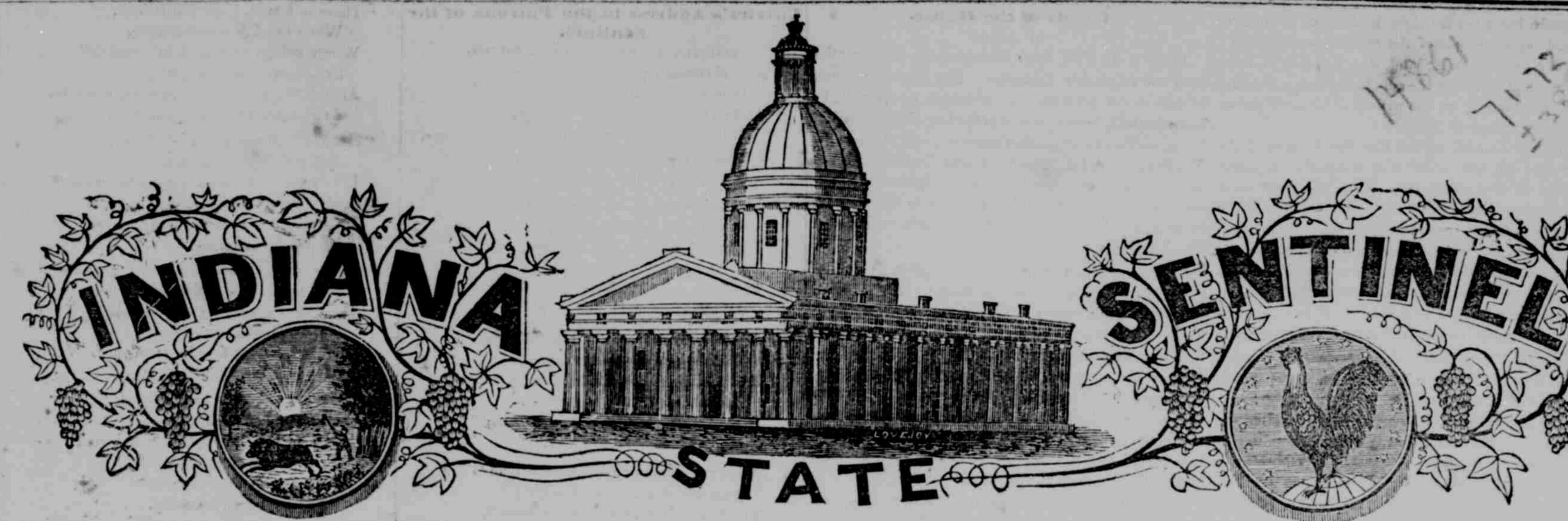
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ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted three times, at one dollar a square of 8 lines, and be continued at the rate of 25 cents a square for each additional insertion. Quarterly advertisements, per square, \$3.

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Postage must be paid.



Indianapolis, January 2, 1847.]

TRI-WEEKLY.

[Volume II Number 66.

First of January; or the New Year's dinner.

Now wife, a good fire—blaze away hickory, and down with the Turkey! Gads my life, a fat one ain't it? Well, give him a good basting, and hang me if we don't fast—ha, my dear!" Thus Jerry Gowdy opened the subject of cookery to his good woman, on the first of January 1847. Every thing looked bright without; the air was clear, but not cold for the season, and Jerry giving way to some sweet fancies of his own, smiled cosily on Mrs. Gowdy during the process of stuffing.

"Fill him well, wife—that's right, stow away the gizzard carefully. If I don't come to-day, then call me a done over fiddler. I'm sharp set already." Then the sunshine seemed to leave him for a moment, and the shadow of the wing of trouble passed over the head of Jerry Gowdy. "Let him keep his dam'd figuring to home, or I'm into him. The Turkey's paid for—sure of that, isn't I Marn?"

"An't you what, Jerry? You keep talking to yourself half the time," said dame Gowdy, as she put the last stitch in the body of the defunct. "That's it," said Jerry, stitching him close. "O yes, I talk to myself now and then, just to let off the mel-melody—have the blues, you know, some times! Now clap him before the fire and let the fellow brown!" Jerry flung it in his face: "Damm the present! Turkey, wife, how's the gravy? Well, this is a pretty New Year for me, any how; *an't pay your bills, Sir,* and thening his head forward with malice of rethought, Jerry threw a most sonorous blast into the Stove!

The man started back agast, to see so much resolution in a hunted debtor—they are generally chicken-hearted. Constant dropping in, like the dropping of water on the flinty rock, wears out the stouest nerves. Ordinary troubles are only feathers or chips, thrown upon the surface of the heart—they float away. But a dun, like a leaden bullet, goes plumb to the bottom, and the flesh grows over it. A post mortem examination of a poor debtor would show a strange state of things where the blood ebbs and flows. All the young affections withered; the chords of sensibility unstrung; the sense of virtue warped; rank weeds in stony places, cold and cheerless, where once flowers grew and the sun shone. But we laugh to think of it. Let others join the crying philosopher, and weep over poor human nature if they choose; we laugh at the sad spectacle. Regret must hang that Jurymen may die, and the debtor be chased into the toils, or the officers of Justice languish and die. Why should the ministering angels of the law be suffered to starve for want of subjects? That is a curious question for the legislator, and we submit it without hope of fee or reward.

Duns hardens the heart. For any thing we know Jerry might once have been the most tender and plastic of his kith and kin—his bosom moulded to receive the slightest impressions of friendship or love. Never judge him from the picture we have ventured to draw. Once it might possibly have been different with him, but now you have driven him to the wall we fear; you have planted despair in that local habitation of the brain, where Spurzheim thought he felt the pulsation of hope.

No 2, put the bill in his pocket book, and carefully wound a piece of tape round and round the catch-ail. With a most provoking coolness, he took a cut of the narcotic, and having buttoned up his coat tight around his throat, slowly left the house. But as he turned to go, he "looked daggers"—that was enough.

"Tiere, wife—chalk 'em down, No. 1—No. 2—" and Jerry drew a mark, one and two, from the ceiling to the floor!—there! It sticks in my throat most curiously. Most boiling over, wife—look out for breakers by the time that foul's on the dish. By thunder if a man can't have New Year to himself—aent sols in his castle, it's best to know it."

There! Mr. Cleland—I'll bet ten to one he'll have his Champagne to-day, and sixteen courses, besides catsup and other fixings, and can't pay ten cents on the dollar to save his soul from—"

"Who's there?" said Mrs. Gowdy, casting a reproving look at her leigh lord, "Come in!"

"Yes, who's there—to be sure?" resumed Gowdy. "Rap, rap, and be—no, to you—busy!" But he might as well have cried "busy" to the wind—it comes through the key hole in spite of cotton rags, and old hats.

An ill looking urchin, with a most provoking leer, shoved open the door, and stood bolt upright, before Jerry. "Umph!" said the latter. "A little bill, sir," said the boy, presenting a dirty slip of paper. "Bill who?" said Jerry. "Wife, how comes on that foul?" and turning his back on *duo* No. 1, he proceeded to lather himself afresh.

"Mr.—wants to raise some money," said the boy in a whining tone of voice. "Does he," said Jerry, and the foam flew from his nostrils. "Money, boy? well, let him rise it."

What's he want money for?" "Because he does." "O, because he does, ha?" And he says he must have it." "Does he—ha?" said Jerry, with a sharp percussion tone of voice, at the same time furiously strapping his razor on an old spelling book.

"Can you pay it, sir?" "No!" thundered Jerry, at the top of his lungs. Then, entering his razor under the right ear, and rearing a swath that would have done honor to a French barber. "By Jupiter! just miss'd the jugular, blood," eying the *duo* fiercely— "blood!" The boy sprang for the door—

"moom!" the next moment he had cleared the threshold and fled for his life. "Bloody wife!" Turkey most done!—I must have something to stay my stomach. I'm weak as a kitten."

"Oh, Mr. Gowdy how you scart me!" said the dame faintly, at the same time drawing a long breath. "Do finish and put up that razor."

"Well marin, must have peace—damn it! Won't be dunned New Year, no how. Yes, bout tho' now—let's get the dinner going before the next one comes, or I shall faint, I'll bet a dollar!" Thus expostulating, Jerry wiped his rusty blade, and eased it snugly on another trial. Rap, rap, again—the door shook upon its hinges.

"There again? Come in!" This time he faintly roared, and *Duo* No. 2 entered, with a scaldy eat like paces and a smile half comical—half tragic. No. 2 was a well fed subject, smooth and oily to the eye, and stood in the shoes of another man, like most duns. The principal generally keeps in the back ground, where he remains to bring up the reserve in case of a hard fall. Then comes the crisis! "A New Year's present, sir—Alma?" and he thrust a two inch by seven affair into the debtor's hands. Jerry flung it in his face: "Damm your presents! Turkey, wife, how's the gravy? Well, this is a pretty New Year for me, any how; *an't pay your bills, Sir,* and thening his head forward with malice of rethought, Jerry threw a most sonorous blast into the Stove!"

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It is one of the many sad reflections of this sadly checkered life, to consider, and work it over in the mind until you are half crazed, that no time, save on the Sabbath, is sacred to peace and quiet, such as we should like to take, now and then, but cannot. It is otherwise decreed. Mankind are at war with each other continually, and when they leave the battle field, where helmets are cloven, and blood poured out like water, it is only to renew the combat in the bosom of the social system. Here the warfare takes a thousand shapes, and rages in spite of statutes, and the awful restraints of Law, Medicine, and Divinity. He is a bad man, say some, and let him hear the grating of the prison door. Not so much so as deserved, says another; there is a tendency of blood to the head; the lancet will help him. Both wrong, says a third, some damnable heresies have crept into his heart. Alas, gentlemen of the occult professions, at thought of whose awful mysteries my hair stands on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine! will you pardon me if I suggest a very different cause?

In the bosom of that same social system, like a toad, ugly and venomous, in the notch of an old tree nestles darkly, with drooping eyelids covering the pent up fires of hell, the Demon of Selfishness; the same your law-makers have impiously worshipped, and never dared to act, save in obedience to itsocular dictates. Therefore, while a few are fed, and thousands left to starve, the war must go on though the Heavens should fall.

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But Jerry's enemies came in the shape of duns. "I shall be *down brown*," said he, "inspire of my teeth." By Jove, if that rowdy comes with his greasy six and three are nine billet due, when I'm at that turkey—I'll choke him with the Pope's nose."

Thus consoling himself, as well as he could, Jerry covered his chin with a thick frosting of the old Windsor foam. Then slowly drawing a superabundant hair from his bushy locks, he tried it on the edge of the razor. But no—it would not split. "Never mind," said he, "it will take the stubble I guess." Just, however, as Jerry was about to give the "cut one," from earth downwards, he was startled by a loud rap. "There!—blast the luck—I shall cut my throat next. Whose there?"

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